

tralian flock,

## The Horse.

### THE BREEDING OF STRANGERS.

MARTIN, Mich., Oct. 21st, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in the FARMER of October 11th an inquiry in regard to the horse called Stranger. I think I can give the desired information. Michigan Stranger, or the Knowles horse, as he was sometimes called, was brought from Ohio and stood at Battle Creek, Jackson, Charlotte, Hastings and some other points. He trotted a mile at Jackson in 1877 in 2:38. He sired a horse called Rex, while at Hastings, that trotted a mile on the Hastings track in 2:38. I have one of Michigan Stranger's bills now. His dam was sired by Imp. Bacchus, thoroughbred. Stranger, sired by old pacing Stranger, kept at Cleveland, Ohio, (pacing record 2:18), by Kentucky Snap, thoroughbred. The Strangers as a family are noted for their hard constitution and endurance, and their fine show appearance as coach or large roadster horses. I will enclose pedigree of a grandson of Michigan Stranger.

C. A. SMITH.

The pedigree enclosed is of a horse called Col. Mac, a son of Rex, he by Stranger, Col. Mac's dam Kitten Mac, by Gen. Scott; 2d dam by an English coach horse. He is represented as standing 17 hands high, weighing 1,350 lbs., a rich chestnut, stylish, with fine action and a square trotter.

### A GRAY RACEHORSE.

The following description of Salvador, the greatest racehorse on the turf the past season, which we take from the Chicago Horseman, will be interesting to those of our readers who like the thoroughbred:

"It is not easy to approach the supreme head of the American turf. When King Salvador is in his stable, casual visitors are expected to pay their respects from a respectful distance. Without proper credentials, callers are regarded with suspicion. The monarch's most immediate attendant is a colored boy named Brandon. There isn't a stable lad in America who wouldn't give up all claims upon watermelons for the balance of his life if he could have the honor which Brandon enjoys, and this, it will be conceded, is saying a good deal. When the Haggin horses are out for an airing the king is invariably at the head of the procession. The fitness of things finds further illustration in the fact that next in line comes the queen of the track, Frenzi, whose claims to royal honors have been vindicated on so many hard-fought fields. Successes have not turned the head of Salvador; greatness sits as easily upon him as his exercise blanket. A more tractable animal was never foaled. His royal regalia is a chestnut, bald-faced, and white-legged below the knees. He is a handsome horse, but not remarkably so. To see Salvador in his stable and to see him under a jockey is to look at two different quadrupeds. When he is being exercised at a slow walk his head is carried low and his motions give little promise of his possibilities; when he is fighting for his head and leaving his field behind, his stride, long, easy, smooth and natural, is perhaps as pure a gift as ever added to the turf. For entertaining the opinion that, take him all in all, we shall see Salvador's like no more, Trainer Matthew Byrnes may readily be pardoned."

### Has Never Been Beaten.

GREEN OAK, Oct. 21, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please tell me through the columns of the FARMER the time of the famous trotters. How many, if any, have beaten Mand S. P. What was her time? By answering the above you will greatly please a subscriber.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

The best time made by Mand S. has never been beaten. It was 2:05%. The other fast ones are as follows:

Gay Eye-See..... 2:10  
Sunol..... 2:10 1/2  
Guy..... 2:10 3/4  
St. Julien..... 2:11  
Nelson..... 2:11 1/4  
Stamboul..... 2:11 1/2  
Axtell..... 2:11 3/4  
Falo Alto..... 2:12

### New Grain for Horses.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, writing upon the evil effects of feeding new grain to horses says: "The horse that depends for his energy and vim upon new grain will show but little life, being a sluggish instead. The digestive and assimilative processes are back of efficiency of every kind in the horse. The muscular system responds to the condition of the nervous system, and this latter is dependent for its tone upon the integrity of the digestive process—in other words, speaking more comprehensively, upon nutrition. The horse, to be in fit condition to do his work willingly and efficiently, must be fed on food other than that which will fill his belly with gas. New corn or new oats will do this. Early in this process of indigestion—one of the earliest symptoms in fact—is a starting coat. This is due to diminished circulation of blood in the skin, the inevitable result of irritation in the digestive organs, as this invites the blood from the surface.

Horses fed freely on new grain cannot be expected to do full duty at the plow or on the road. They will sweat easily and show distress under very moderate exertions. Horses that are usually "up on the bit" when discreetly fed, will require the whip to be plied when in the condition referred to. This will be notably the case during the moderate weather of the early fall. With the incoming of frosty weather this tendency to show depressed spirits and relaxed tissues will abate. The hired man may do the very unwise thing—give an extra large feed of grain before going upon the road or at heavy work. Nothing could be more damaging, as the extra exertion in a measure suspends digestion while the labor lasts, in which case the food is an incubator, and under these circumstances nothing is surer than that fermentation, as above referred to, will occur. Another symptom quite sure to keep the others company is cold limbs. This comes of the irritative state of the digestion and depends upon the same cause that makes the coat to stare, namely excessive circulation to the internal organs and scant circulation to the limbs.

How can these evils be avoided? Reserve sufficiency of old oats to last to well into

winter, thus avoiding the necessity of feeding new grain. If this has been neglected and the evils referred to are upon you, buy old grain if you can and with this correct the difficulty by a complete change of food. But if only new grain can be obtained, then proceed straightway to neutralize its evil effect by using extractives. What to use? Do not rush off and buy condition powders or other nostrums, but mix together shales and salt, three parts of the former and one of the latter. Moisten this and place it in the bottom of the feed box, thus permitting the horse to partake according to his inclination and needs. If, after this is put into use, there still seems to be fermentation, put a little clean ashes into his water, once or twice daily. If evidences of distress appear, lessen the ration, thus giving rest to the digestive organs.

### Producing Trotters.

There are now two horses, Axtell and Red Wilkes, whose services are commanding \$1,000, quite a number \$500, a larger number at \$300 and \$200, while \$100 is asked for the service of a large number. We cannot expect any but the very wealthy to pay these great prices, neither can we expect it to pay even the wealthy unless they have the finest bred brood mares. We believe that as good as good blood can be obtained at a lower price, say \$5 to \$50, as is obtained by some of the high prices. Axtell before he made his record was only commanding \$25. The blood lines were just as pure before he made his record as now. A young horse without a record, if the blood lines are good, is likely to sire speed, and with as much certainty as if he had a record. We predicted a few years ago, that the King, with a record of only 2:23 1/2, would sire colts that would trot much faster than that, on account of the superior blood lines of the King on both sire and dam's side, and only last week Limestone, a four year old by the King, trotted at Rushville in 2:23 1/2, and is likely to lower that work before the season closes. One thing is certain, "blood will tell." Jersey Wilkes and Red Wilkes neither have a record, but their colts trot. We would advise those who cannot afford these enormous prices to breed to pure blood standard young stock, before they reach their reputation as great trotters or great sires.—Indiana Farmer.

### Horse Gossip.

ELECTIONEER is reported to have lost 300 pounds of flesh, and to be so reduced that it is doubtful if he can be used further in the stud.

AT Napa, California, recently, Regal Wilkes, by Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1/4, lowered his mark to 2:13 1/4. He is owned at the San Mateo Stock Farm.

THE PORTLAND GAZETTE says A. B. Donaldson, of that place, has recently sold to Delaware, 1st parties two trotting bred fillies, by Gold-embow.

D. CHAPPEL returned on Monday from Independence, Mo., where he had been to attend the Rush Park races with his mare, Maud Wilkes, sired by Wilkes. Maud got a record of 2:23 1/4.—Jackson Patriot.

THE PAPERS are full of performances of sensational yearlings and two-year-old trotters. It is doubtful if any of them ever do so well again. "Soon ripe, soon rotten," is an old adage whose truth has often been proved by experience.

HENRY HAYNES sold on Saturday to F. H. Newman, of Griggsville, Ill., a yearling colt by Aloy Wilkes, dam Maud Strong, by Regulator, for \$300. Also the bay colt Harry Sutton, by Lou Sutton, dam Jack Rosey, for \$500.—Jackson Patriot.

IT IS reported that both of Axtell's fore legs have been fired, and he has been retired for the season. If Axtell gives his colts such legs as he possesses himself it will be a fast one which returns its owner the stud fee at present charged for his services.

A CARLOAD of fine bred trotting horses arrived here from Lexington, Ky., over the G. & N. yesterday morning. All but three belonged to the Kalamazoo Stock Farm, and those were for J. Dero, of Jackson, and were taken in charge by Duke Ward.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

THE first yearling to enter the 2:30 list is the California bred stallion Freedom, who trotted a mile recently in California in 2:27 1/2. He was sired by Sable Wilkes, three-year-old record 2:18, he by Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1/4. The dam of Freedom was Laura Drew, by Arthurton 365, a son of Hambletonian 10; 2d dam, Molly Drew, 2:27, by Wintthrop, out of Fanny Frenzi, by Jack Hawkins, a son of Boston.

DR. GEORGE BREMERMAN, of Berlin, Germany, has been in Kentucky the past week looking over the horses, and invested some \$50,000 in well-bred trotting stock to be used on a breeding farm he is about to establish in Germany. He purchased from B. J. Treacy, for \$10,000, the 16-year-old bay stallion Macey's Hambletonian (formerly Thomas K. 1859), by Edward Everett, dam Ruth, by Kysdyk's Hambletonian. He is the sire of Bosque Bonita, three-year-old record 2:26 1/4, and Oscar J., 2:29 1/4.—Chicago Horseman.

HOW Mambrino Patchen mares are appreciating in value. It is reported that P. P. Johnston, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Bowmaster Bros., for \$7,000, the 11-year-old well-bred trotting stock to be used on a breeding farm he is about to establish in Germany. He purchased from B. J. Treacy, for \$10,000, the 16-year-old bay stallion Macey's Hambletonian (formerly Thomas K. 1859), by Edward Everett, dam Ruth, by Kysdyk's Hambletonian. He is the sire of Bosque Bonita, three-year-old record 2:26 1/4, and Oscar J., 2:29 1/4.—Chicago Horseman.

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## The Farm.

### Autumn Application of Manure.

The application of manure in autumn, when it can be properly done, has some special advantages over spring manuring:

1. The ground is not so much like mortar; 2. the wagon wheels do not cut deeply into the soil; 3. it is not panned and hardened into clods; 4. the autumn rains carry the soluble parts of the finely-spread manure down in the soil, among the particles of which it is more finely and intimately diffused than could be done with a plow or harrow.

These and other advantages are so valuable, that good farmers have found fall-spread manure worth nearly twice as much for the next corn crop as when the application was postponed and the manure spilled in spring. It is, however, important, and should be distinctly borne in mind, that the manure should be finely broken and pulverized, so as to become a uniform stratum over the ground, and not be left in lumps, in which condition it would be of little benefit.

Applied to grass land of any kind, the manure will be more perfectly diffused through the soil than on a bare surface. The numerous and fine roots of the grass extending downwards give a somewhat fibrous character to the soil, through which the liquid manure passes more freely than in a solid stratum of bare earth.

Another advantage of fall spreading is that coarser and more fibrous manure may be used than would be admissible for spring work, the rains and melting snows dissolving nearly all the richest portions and conveying them among the soil particles, and leaving the partly decaying straw on top to be turned under by the next plowing. But in spring it must all be fine enough to become thoroughly intermixed by the harrow or else be nearly useless. Still another benefit is the protection which it affords to the grass plants, particularly in a newly seeded field, thus serving as a winter mulch.

It may therefore be laid down as a nearly invariable rule, that any manure manufactured in autumn should not be left unapplied through winter, especially if there are any grass fields in the farm. The accumulations from the horse stable, and the droppings in the cattle yard should be thus without failure brought into valuable use; and there are other smaller sources of manure which should not be overlooked. In this connection it is well not to omit pulverizing the lumps and heaps from the droppings of cattle in pastures, by harrowing if abundant, or by hand if scattered.

The objection which is sometimes made that winter-spread manure will be lost by the washing of rains, we have never heard from any person who has made a careful trial. On the contrary, all the accurate tests we have witnessed have shown that the soil is capable of absorbing the liquid portions as fast as the thawing snow and washing rains bring it out. The very thin stratum of manure, even when there are twenty tons to the acre—only a sixth of an inch thick—has all its enriching portions easily absorbed by the soil on which it rests. The only exception to this perfect absorption is in the bottom of hollows where large brooks are formed by heavy rains, but these exceptions constitute a very small portion of the arable or grass land of most farms, and no good farmer will spread his manure in such places.

Where there is danger that fall spread manure may not be sufficiently incorporated if merely spread on the surface of plowed or stubble land, it may be well to give it a thorough harrowing after it is spread with any slant-tooth harrow which will not rake it up, and will press it down into the mellow soil. It will thus gradually become thoroughly diffused, and be of increased value to the succeeding crop.

It will be seen from the preceding remarks that most of the benefits mentioned will be obtained from spreading in winter as well as in autumn, with the additional advantage of having a frozen and hard surface over which to drive heavy loads of manure for spreading. The work may be performed daily or weekly as fast as it is manufactured or accumulated. As soon as the rain falls or the snow melts, there will also be enough of the top soil thrown to absorb and retain the dissolved manure.

The heavy growth of grass from the abundant rains in many localities the present autumn, together with the good top dressing which the meadows or pastures may receive, will put them in excellent condition for the growth of the grass, or for inverted sod for corn in spring.—Country Gentleman.

Is Fall Plowing Profitable.

Fall plowing cannot be recommended indiscriminately, but at times it can be made profitable even to the most sceptical. I doubt the utility of spending the time plowing in the fall if it is going to take one away from other important work. One of the greatest advantages of this work is that it comes at a season when the general crop work is supposed to be over with, but if for any reason one has work to do then this advantage is removed at once. And again, some soils do not appear to be benefited by it. They are not injured by fall plowing, but they do not improve by it, and so it is time wasted. A strong loamy soil with a heavy subsoil will as a rule show decided improvement when plowed in the fall.

Some crops are not benefited by fall plowing, but barley, and similar plants, which delight in deep, heavy soils, will receive decided benefit if planted on fall-plowed land. Market gardens also profit by this operation, for it helps along the spring rush of work and gives an early maturity to the vegetables. Good market garden land can be prepared so that a fine seed bed is ready just as soon as the frost is out of the ground. But this necessitates fall plowing on a sandy or mucky loam, well enriched. The composted manure is plowed in in the fall and allowed to decompose during the winter.

Another thing, land seems to improve gradually on some soils by successive seasons of fall plowing. On a piece of fall land I found no improvements the first year, but upon repeating the operation for successive years I found a gradual improvement. The heavy clay spots were the last to show

signs of improvement, but in time there was a marked difference between this land and another strip of the same kind of soil which had never been treated to fall plowing. This in my opinion is the gist of the whole matter about fall plowing. Like everything else connected with farm work, it depends upon locality, soil, crops and other circumstances. Next to fall plowing the best thing is to spread the manure on the fields in the fall, and plow it as early as practical in the spring.—E. W. Chambers.

### Some Hints for Sheep Breeders.

Mr. John Dyke, the Canadian Government Agent at Liverpool, says: I have pointed out that with care and attention, and the introduction of Down sheep into the Dominion, breeders there will find a profitable market for all the sheep that can be exported to Great Britain, despite the increase in the frozen mutton trade; and the present state of the market fully warrants my assertion. I have to note, during the past year, a novelty in the Canadian export trade, namely the arrival here of a consignment of Canadian lambs. These were by no means of exceptional quality, but they arrived in splendid condition, and the mortality was very small indeed. These lambs were immediately snapped up by graziers, and will be kept as stores until next year. So profitable was the venture that arrangements are being made to extend the business considerably.

"This will be of great importance to the farmers in the Dominion, one of their difficulties having always been the risk of getting flocks of sheep too large to carry over the winter. If, by the introduction of early maturing sheep, Canadian farmers could produce a lamb 60 lbs. weight to ship to this country in October, I am confident they would find the British markets far more profitable than those of the United States, which have hitherto been relied upon, and the result would be a great development of the export sheep trade. A breeder in England has just published a report of his lambs, which shows that the wether lambs, sold at the ordinary way in the fields, sold at \$2.45, 25—between \$1.4 and \$1.5 each—at from six to nine months old; probably the average did not exceed seven months. There is nothing to prevent Canadian farmers with care and attention obtaining equally satisfactory results."

### Cattle in the Northwest.

The dry season in the ranches of the Northwest is forcing large sales of cattle, and keeping down the market prices for low grade stock. This will, however, help to clean out the ranch stock and will make a sharper demand for both stock and beef cattle next spring. The northern ranches are feeding grounds, breeding having been short feed leaving the cows so thin and weak, that many cows, as well as calves, were lost in the spring, and the losses of cows were so great that there was no profit in the calf crop. Those who control these ranches have, therefore stocked them by driving or shipping cattle in, and keeping them until mature enough for market. This is a safe and profitable business, so long as the ranges are not overstocked, and the seasons are fairly moist. This year the drought has been extensive and persistent, and the stock of cattle must be cut down or they will go into the winter in poor condition, which would result in great loss, if the weather should prove severe.—Northwestern Agriculturist.

### Agricultural Items.

THE potato crop of Aristook County, Mo., is valued at \$1,500,000 this year.

J. H. GREGORY tells the N. E. Farmer that good onions will be legal tender this fall, a bushel for a dollar. Mr. Gregory has data at hand which warrant the prediction.

DURING the year closing Oct. 1st, a single firm, Armour & Co., engaged in the meat business at Chicago, killed 1,450,000 swine; 600,000 sheep and 350,000 cattle, their sales amounting to \$65,000,000.

COLMAN'S Rural World says the want of a good and efficient dog law is in certain States a very tangible reason for the decline of sheep-husbandry. When the ratio is two dogs to one sheep, the tariff on wool and woolsens is a "dead issue" so far as sheep-raising is concerned.

The tariff interferes with the shipment of Canadian hay to this country, hence large quantities—100 tons in one week recently, have been shipped to England. These shipments are regarded as experiments, so we what can be done toward making a market there.

A VERY successful all-the-year milkman says buying cows instead of raising them is the rock on which many dairymen wreck a goodly portion of their profits. As a rule, every body who keeps the poorest cows, and the man who depends entirely on buying must expect to purchase at least fifty per cent of inferior ones.

CATTLE near Berlin, Wis., are affected by a peculiar disease which results in death and is due to drinking water from low land that has been subject to overflow, leaving decaying vegetation to poison water when was left, as the cases are on farms that have access to these places. The animals die within two hours after being taken.

ONE of the features of Rocky Ford, Col., is "Watermelon Day." The town is located in the midst of a melon-growing section, where "patches" of 150 and 160 acres devoted to melons are seen. This year a pyramid of 12,000 watermelons, flanked by smaller piles of muskmelons, awaited the onslaught of the hundreds of visitors, to whom they were served freely all day long. Some of the melons weighed 50 and 60 pounds each. The railroads give half-fare rates and the day is a holiday and takes the place of the usual agricultural fair in the vicinity.

Gov. W. D. HOARD, before a Wisconsin farmers' institute, told the following story about the chronic bloater against progress whom we all know: An old man jumped up one day in an institute and said: "You may talk as much as you have a mind to about bread, I say the bread is in the corn-crib, one of those fusts that are partly true and yet not true. I said: 'If your words don't pay attention to bread, but everything to feed.' 'You,' he said, 'that's right.' 'Very well,' said I, 'you are the man I have been hunting for for years. You have got a short cut to success, and I want to get it. It doesn't

make any difference what the breed is; it is all in the feed.' 'That's it,' said he, 'Very well,' said I, 'do you remember that razor-back hog you had thirty or forty years ago?' 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'Now,' I asked, 'how would you feed that hog so as to make a Poland-China of him?'

## The Poultry Yard.

### The Profits of the Egg Business.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer who is in the chicken business says: Egg raising for profit or a living is a very close business, unless strict attention is given to all the little details of the work. Many amateurs go into the business expecting to find a light and profitable employment. They fail, as many do in other business. It is estimated that the average price of eggs for the year is twenty cents, and if one hen lays one hundred a year, or two a week, that will be two dollars. Sixty cents ought to be allowed for food, which will leave one dollar and forty cents for profit and other expenses. At that rate the hens would pay a big profit if all of the little economical details were attended to. One must sometimes go lower, however, for eggs sometimes average only twelve cents a dozen, and hens only lay one a week. Five dozen a year at twelve cents a dozen would not be profitable, for expenses would just about cover the receipts. But this is putting the whole matter at the lowest figures. Very rarely will a well-kept hen pay less than eighty cents to one dollar a year, leaving at least a small margin of profit. One may figure from this the profits in chicken raising. The margin is small, but conducted properly on a large scale money can be made at it.

### The Brahma as a Winter Layer.

I. K. FELCH, the well-known poultry man, says in the Kansas Farmer: "There is no breed of fowls that are as good winter layers as the Brahmas, when a breeder takes the pains to get at the conditions that makes the Brahma the most prolific. I do not hesitate to say, while she will not lay as many eggs in number as the Leghorns that she will lay more dollars worth in twelve months, for she will lay seven-twelfths of her yearly product in the five coldest months of the year, when they sell highest. I have seen flocks of Brahmas that laid more in numbers, even, than any flock of Leghorns, yet I have seen individual Leghorns that lay the largest number. As a rule Leghorns will not lay over 150 eggs per annum; yet I have seen Brahmas in flocks of







## Poetry.

## TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause  
His share of justice, tolling day by day.  
All things will come now dim and far away  
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness dear  
The morning cometh with refulgent light;  
Bringing assurance of a day more bright;  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall  
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,  
All grief will end, and everything be fair;  
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands  
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,  
Success will come from every ill that flags,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain  
To overcome the evils that abound  
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there comes a wily throng,  
Who sower and scatter, and look with baleful eyes,  
But what of them? They are but gnats and flies  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there must be recompense  
For useful work, whatever may be done,  
A compensation reaching far and wide,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,  
The restless ocean, and the azure sky,  
All things in nature speak and prophesy;  
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,  
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,  
Life will be love, and love will be divine,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cheer,  
And sing his praise; Heaven's mysterious gates  
Will open for him; heaven seem more near,  
To him who waits.

—Moses G. Shirley.

## THE BOY'S GRANDMOTHER.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting  
haunting;

And the needles that I've threaded, no, you  
couldn't count to-day;

And I've hunted for my classes till I thought my  
head was splitting;

When there upon her forehead as calm as  
clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse the palms and  
the epistles;

When the other boys were burning tar barrels  
down the street;

And I've staid and learned my verses when I  
heard their willow whistles;

And I've staid and said my chapter with fire  
in both my feet.

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in  
her pocket;

There never was a pocket that was half so big  
and deep;

And she lets the candle in my room burn to the  
very end;

While she stews and putters round about till I  
am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's  
bid I shouldn't.

And mother has her slipper off according to  
the rule;

It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says  
"I wouldn't";

The boy that would go swimming such a day  
would be a fool!

## Miscellaneous.

## DELIA'S WEDDING.

It was in England, but from where we  
stood we could see Scottish land. I knew  
yedge that, just for so long as it lasted,  
divided the two countries.

It was a pretty place, and our great brick  
house, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, was  
something we were very proud of; and we,  
hearty, strong young people, were out of  
doors almost as much in the November  
weather as we were in June. I remember I  
had said to Delia that I thought that it was  
all nonsense to talk about autumn being a  
melancholy time, when she turned to me  
suddenly, and put her arms about my neck,  
and whispered:

"Promise me something, Phebe; promise,  
without knowing what it is."

Delia was not one of us. She was only  
my dear little friend. She lived across the  
river with her grandfather, whom people  
called a miser, and had come to spend the  
morning with us. She was a fair little  
thing, like a snow-drop, and to-day she was  
all wrapped up in a snowy white shawl.  
Everything became her, and it was her way  
to be sentimental, so that I was not  
surprised when she put her arm about my  
waist and dropped her head upon my shoulder,  
and said:

"Phebe, promise me you'll do what I ask,  
whatever it is."

"I don't need to promise, Delia," said I.  
"Oh, yes, you do, this time," said she.  
"I know you'd never forget a promise, and  
I'm afraid to ask you to do this, unless you  
give it to me; and if you don't, Delia—if you  
don't—what shall I do?"

"Surely it's nothing wrong?" said I.

"No," said she, "not wrong, but you may  
be afraid to do it. Would you cross Maxley  
Common, and pass the haunted house by  
the edge of the wood at midnight, for my  
sake, Phebe?"

"Indeed, I should not be afraid to do it,"  
said I. "I've never been a coward yet."

"Would you go into the haunted house itself?" said she.

"I felt sure there was nothing to be  
dreaded but the ghost," said I. "Little  
Jack Beck, in a sheet, with a lantern on his  
head, may scare silly folks out of their  
senses; but I think it's time that Christians,  
who hear Christian preaching every Sabbath,  
should have learned better than to believe  
such things. As for mysterious lights, a  
taper tramp with his pipe burning could  
give them all they wanted in that line." I  
drew myself up as I spoke, and looked over  
Delia's head toward the yellow chimney that  
peeped over the tops of the dead apple-trees  
in the garden of the haunted house.

"The house is old and damp and lonely  
and infested by rats," said I, "but haunted  
nonsense."

"There was a murder done there once,"  
said Delia, shivering and hiding her face  
more closely. "They say the red stain of

blood is on the floor still, and if there are  
spirits, why should they not be seen some-  
times? But Phebe, dear, tell me, would  
you do that for me?"

"If there was need," said I.

"There's need," she answered.

"Well, then I promise," said I. "Indeed,  
I think I'd rather like it, whether the ghost  
came or not."

"Don't say that, Phebe," whispered  
Delia. "Now, you've promised—remember  
—you've promised, and it is All-Hallow-  
Eve. All Souls' Eve they call it sometimes in some  
places—the very night for specters—and at  
midnight, Phebe, and no one must knock.  
You'll slip out alone and come as I have  
said, and a light will burn in the window,  
and it will not be a goblin light this time,  
and you will go in. Now promise again."

"I promise," said I, "and I suppose you  
are going to try a charm—a Hallow-Eve  
charm—to find out the name of your future  
husband. You'll go about the chimney and  
sing:

"Heap seed I sow!  
Heap seed I sow!  
He who is my love to be  
Come after me and now,  
and it will be fine fun to hear you scream,  
if you do fancy that you see anything over  
your left shoulder—you of all people. Do  
you remember Burns?"

"Wee Jennie to her grandam said:  
"Will you go with me, grannie?  
I'll eat an apple at the glass?  
I got fra Uncle Johnnie."

And how is it the old dame's lecture ends?"

"Many an Isle has gotten a fright,  
And lived and died delectable on sic night."

"Oh, hush, Phebe!" whispered Delia.

"It's about a husband; but it's not—yes,  
it is a trick, too. Phebe, at twelve o'clock,  
on All-Hallow-Eve, I'm to be married, and  
I want you to be my bridesmaid."

"Married!" said I. "But, then, it's all a  
joke about the haunted house?"

"No," said she. "Phebe, it will be a  
runaway match, and you know the haunted  
house is over the borders. We're in Eng-  
land here, but these chimneys are in Scot-  
land; and in Scotland any one may marry  
two people, and it is quite legal; only I need  
a witness. You'll be my witness, Phebe;  
and then Jack and I will be man and wife,  
and no one can part us."

"Yes, I knew it must be Jack," said I.

"And so the grandfather is as hard-hearted  
as ever. But you've thought it over. It  
seems terrible, Delia. I wouldn't leave  
home and my own people for any man, like  
that, deceiving them all."

"But you're a mother, Phebe, and a sister,  
and brothers and sisters; and I have only  
grandfather, who has never loved me much.  
And do you think I must be right, for the  
sake of his money, to part from Jack, who  
loves me? Oh, you can't, Phebe. And  
you'll come and be my bridesmaid and my  
witness?" sobbed Delia.

Then she began to cry and tremble, and I  
gave her the promise over again. As for  
the haunted house, I was not afraid of that;  
and I was strong and swift of foot, and  
neither dark nor loneliness could trouble me  
with foolish fancies. The only thing I did  
not like was slipping out of the house with-  
out the knowledge of my mother; but I  
could tell her in the morning, as I could tell  
all the world, if I chose; and mother had  
confidence in me; and surely I was right of  
Delia to marry Jack, and not to give up  
love for gold. So I reasoned; and I said a  
few comforting words to Delia, and she  
went away happier. I walked with her in  
the gloaming until we came to the ford, and  
I stood on the hither brink and watched as  
she crossed it on the stepping-stones, with  
her shoes and stockings under her arm, for  
the water had risen high and was quite up  
to her ankles. There had been long, wild  
storms that fall, and all the water-  
courses were full, and now the sky was dark  
again, and, indeed, before I reached home,  
the drops began to patter down upon the  
leaves all turning brown, and as many in  
the paths as on the boughs.

I was not one to have gloomy fancies, but  
I came near it that evening; and even after  
the shutters were closed, and the gray sky  
shut out, and the red light of the fire lit  
the walls, we could hear the wild walling about  
the house, and the doors shaking, and the  
branches rattling across the roof.

Such rainy weather we had never had be-  
fore, old folk said; and the storm kept on  
day after day. So that, when All-Hallow-  
Eve fell, though the rain had cleared, the  
earth was as soft as melted wax; and men  
came in with their long boots covered with  
mud to the tops; and there was not a leaf  
left; and the last grapes were all beaten off;  
and everything that could be soaked was  
like a sponge.

There was a dancing-party that night, and  
I had been asked, and there was a great  
fuss because I wouldn't go. For I was al-  
ways the first for fun as a general thing, and  
indeed, my mother was a little cross with  
me and called me whimsical; and the other  
girls and boys went off in the great wagon,  
and it was hard to be looked at and talked  
to as I was, with such a secret on my mind;  
but talk my mother would. Was I angry?

Was I sick? What freak was it? Until, at  
last, I went to bed in sheer desperation;  
though I knew it would never do to close  
my eyes, for once asleep, I could never be  
sure of waking until daylight.

I lay there counting the minutes on the  
clock, for I had set my candle so that I  
could see its face, and at the stroke of eleven  
I was out of bed. I put my best  
frock on, and drew a great pair of my brother's  
shoes over my thin slippers, and put a  
blue ribbon in my hair for brightness's  
sake, and fastened my cloak—the old plaid  
cloak that my Scotch aunt had given me—  
over the rest, and hood well upon my head.

Then I listened. All was still. I crept  
down the stairs, opened the kitchen door,  
and stole out like a thief, and no one will  
ever know how guilty I felt. Out in the  
road the mud clogged my shoes, and made  
me slow and clumsy. Every now and then  
some deep puddle betrayed me, and I sunk  
in, splashing my white stockings. There was  
a weak little watery moon in a sky of  
clouds and where, and it was a trifle  
higher than I had been none, but oh, how  
strange everything looked! The trees  
seemed to wave great bare arms at me, and  
the very eaves of each had a long thin fin-  
ger lifted as if in warning. I could hear  
the beck down in the woods, and far away  
the drone of the bagpipes to which the  
dancers were footing it.

On I kept, saying to myself: "Phebe,  
child, don't turn coward now! Don't turn  
coward after thinking yourself brave!" But

what is the use of talking? I was afraid,  
though I couldn't have told you of what;  
and I make no doubt I was as white as any  
ghost, when I came, at last, to the door of  
the old house over the border, that the  
neighbors called "haunted."

There was a light inside; a low, red light,  
that would have kept every being in the  
place away; for the story was that Satan  
himself lighted a fire there on the anni-  
versary of the murder, and this was the day,  
this Hallow-Even.

For a moment, I hesitated, then I said to  
myself: "Surely, Phebe, you know why the  
light is there to-night, and I pushed the  
door, and it yielded; and I saw that the  
light came from a low fire on the hearth,  
and that near it sat a man all in black, with  
what looked like a bit of crape over his  
face.

He spoke as I stood there at the door  
staring at him.

"Come in, bridesmaid," he said. "The  
bride and the groom will be here soon.  
Come in."

I summoned up my courage.

"I am coming," said I, "and solemn airs  
can't frighten me. You're some one I know,  
no doubt, if I could but see your face."

But he made no answer, and only threw  
more wood on the fire. The light flickered  
on the walls. The wind shook the win-  
dows and keened at them as if the stories  
of the Banshee were all true. And the  
minutes seemed like hours, until, starting  
as though I had not been listening to it,  
the church clock counted out twelve strokes  
and I knew that midnight had come. Mid-  
night! Midnight in the haunted house, and  
with that black, masked figure feeding the  
flame! My courage was all gone.

"Why do they not come?" said I, aloud.

And even as I spoke, they came. The  
door opened, and I saw Delia, pale and  
white, and clad in white, despite the weather.  
Her long hair, all uncured, hung down  
upon her shoulders; her hand was in that of  
her lover, Jack Dean; but she, though usual-  
ly ruddy, looked as pale as she that night.

"But maybe, it is the flickering firelight,"  
I said to myself; the strange firelight, that  
as often burned blue as red, that made them  
look as they did.

"Delia!" I cried, "oh, Delia! I thought  
you would never come!"

But she only gave me a little sign, and  
beckoned me to stand beside her. And oh! it  
was a strange bridal-party—a strange,  
strange bridal-party.

The masked man read the service, and  
when he came to putting on the ring, I  
could have screamed, for it was a black not  
a gold one; and the words, "With this ring  
I thee wed," ended the service.

All this while I stood shivering and trem-  
bling, and not daring to speak; but now I  
turned to Delia, and held out my arm. She  
held hers toward me, but somehow we did  
not touch each other, and I saw for the first  
time that water was dripping from her hair  
and that her white garments were soaked  
through and through.

"My poor Delia!" I cried. "How did you  
get so wet? Why did I not see it before?  
Is it raining again? Here, let me wrap my  
cloak about you."

But she seemed to be gliding away from  
me in a strange, slow way. The bride-  
groom's hands (he was dripping wet as she  
was) held one of hers; but she stretched the  
other toward me.

"Farewell, Phebe!" she sobbed. "Fare-  
well. Tell my—"

But at that moment, the man who had  
performed the ceremony stepped between us.  
The mask was gone from his face, and, as  
I looked toward him, I saw, instead of  
some one I knew as I had expected, the  
figure that is always drawn as the likeness  
of Death.

"It was too much for me, though I thought  
myself the bravest lass in the country, and I  
dropped senseless on the floor."

When I came to myself, I was alone, and  
the fire was out, and the gray morning  
breaking. I was sick and sore, and I felt  
as though they had all been very cruel to  
me. I fancied that there had been a trick  
played on me by the man in the mask, and  
I was fiercely angry at it. However, I went  
home, and, creeping in at the door, was  
sound asleep before the maids were up and  
off with their milking-pails.

"We had a gay time at the party last  
night," said my sister to me at breakfast.

"Indeed," said I. "I was not. I was at  
a wedding." Then I told them the story.  
They were all there but brother Donald, and  
while I was talking and the rest screaming  
with surprise, he came in at the door, and  
stood there with his hat in his hand, listen-  
ing also; but I noticed that he turned white  
as I went on, and when I had done, he called  
out, in a shrill, strange voice:

"Phebe! at what hour did all this happen?"

"At midnight," said I. "The clock had  
just struck as the bride and groom came in  
at the door."

"Don't say that, Phebe, don't say that!  
for at eleven last night Delia and her lover  
were drowned together at the ford as they  
were running away together. The man who  
gave the news, and called for the help that  
only brought two dead bodies to land, was a  
raving preacher who was to have married  
them in some irregular sort of way across  
the border. But they never were married—  
at least, in the body. What was it you saw  
at midnight in the haunted house?"

"That is a question I never can answer.  
They have told me so often that I must have  
fallen asleep and dreamed the whole thing,  
that I never left the bed at all—that I've  
ceased to contradict them; but I know that  
the mire of the road was heavy on my shoes  
that morning, and that, to the best of my  
belief, I saw all I have told you, on that  
awful All-Hallow-Eve.—Mary Kyle Dallas,  
in N. Y. Ledger.

At Rome, Ga., while a horse was loose  
in the stable one of his hind feet got  
caught in his mouth. It is supposed  
that the animal was rubbing the flies  
from his nose with his hind foot,  
when by accident the foot passed into  
the mouth. The hoof was shed with a  
heavy iron shoe, and the sharp corners  
of the shoe and hoof cut very painful  
wounds in the mouth. The animal fell  
to the ground and continued to struggle  
without relief. When he was discovered  
he was covered with foam, and showed  
every sign of a fearful struggle. His  
master came and succeeded in extract-  
ing the foot.

## ALBERT EDWARD.

When Isabella Bobbs announced with  
some embarrassment that she was engaged to  
Mr. Albert Edward Barrington, the family  
objected because they scarcely knew him.

"I haven't seen him more'n twice," said  
Uncle Phillander, her widowed mother's  
chief counsellor on great occasions, "and I  
didn't take much notice of him then."

"How Bella came to know him is a mys-  
tery," said Sara, an elder sister, who had a  
habit of uttering plain truths sharply.

"Well, Bella goes out a great deal by her-  
self, and has her school friends," said the  
mother, who stood in some awe of her  
younger daughter, who had a little fortune  
of her own and a "temper" of some mag-  
nitude.

"I am not ashamed of our first meeting,"  
said Bella, arranging her curls at the glass  
between the windows. "When people are  
intended for each other they know it at first  
sight. I was taking soda-water at Spyce's  
counter, and he saw me through the window;  
I dropped my handkerchief; he picked it up  
and handed it to me. Our eyes met, and  
voilà tout!"

"What is *voilà tout*, Bella?" asked Uncle  
Phillander.

"It's French for 'that's all there is to it,'" said  
Bella. "After having received such an  
education as I have I can't help using a little  
French now and then."

"My education was very plain," said Sara.

"As plain as I am myself. I really never  
learned enough to pick up my means in the  
street. I don't believe you can ever swear  
you ever had any regular introduction to  
your wonderful Mr. Barrington."

"I scorn the insinuation," said Bella,  
haughtily, but blushing nevertheless. "Any-  
how, we are engaged, and you can't deny  
that. He is elegant and aristocratic and  
handsome, and the way he dresses shows  
that he is rich—"

"It doesn't always," interpolated Uncle  
Phillander.

"And I hope," continued the young lady  
from boarding-school, "I sincerely hope you  
will put the best foot foremost and not  
be just as common as you can when he calls,  
and talk about uncle's little shop and all  
that."

"What line of life may he be in himself?"  
said Uncle Phillander, seriously.

"He's a broker," said Bella.

"He'd be a mention where he—ah—brokes?"  
asked Uncle Phillander.

"Of course it is in Wall street—they all  
do," said Bella. "Brokes, gracious heav-  
ens!"

"Isabella Bobbs," said her mother, "your  
grandma's sending you to boarding-school  
and leaving you her money has given you  
advantages, but you hadn't ought to speak  
that way to your uncle Phillander."

"Well, then, don't let uncle cast suspicion  
on Albert Edward," said Bella, and sailed  
out of the room.

The family held council, and being an  
American family, could not see their way  
clear to forbidding the engagement, as an  
English, French or German family could.  
Besides, Bella was of age.

Then agreed together, therefore, that they  
would make a merit of necessity and offer  
Isabella's suit the right hand of friendship.  
It struck them afterward that he did not  
seem to value it as highly as he should. He  
was a very independent young man, who wore  
good clothes, had a diamond on his finger  
and another in his ear, smoked cigars of  
fine quality, and talked of "society" and the  
opera.

Sara, who was the brightest of the family,  
thought him vulgar; Mrs. Bobbs believed  
him a very fine gentleman, and Bella man-  
aged to get Uncle Phillander, in his yellow  
coat with horn buttons and ancient tail  
white hat, as much out of sight as possible.

The young man called on certain evenings,  
escorted his betrothed to various places of  
amusement, made her several showy presents  
—the Bobbs were not diamond experts—and  
satisfied her mother that Bella had at least  
made a good match for herself. As for the  
girl, visions of elegance and luxury were for-  
getting floating before her enraptured fancy.  
Palatial residences in Fifth avenue, villas  
on the Hudson, trips to Europe, society  
notices of the reception of Mrs. Albert Ed-  
ward Barrington—oh, how happily would  
she resign at the altar the vulgar name of  
Bobbs!

And thus they reached the time when  
"the day" was set, and everybody at work  
upon Miss Isabella's bridal outfit. So much  
was necessary that one would have thought  
that, instead of having a very nice wardrobe  
of her own, Isabella had been entirely desti-  
tute of the ordinary articles of daily cloth-  
ing, and she drew deeply on her legacy of  
five thousand dollars to make her a fashion-  
able bride.

Sara, who had the usual feminine love of  
dry goods, was always ready to go shopping,  
and all was progressing charmingly, when  
one day the sisters, having been upon an ex-  
pedition to the further end of the city, were  
caught in a spot where neither cars, stages,  
nor cabs were to be procured, by a sudden  
shower that threatened destruction to their  
bonnets as well as to the contents of several  
bulbous tissue-paper parcels with which they  
were encumbered.

"Oh, Sara! everything I have on will  
spoil!" cried Bella, in despair, but Sara was  
a young lady of resources. They were direct-  
ly opposite a dingy little two-story house,  
on the steps of which sat two dirty children  
eating cake, and at this moment the door  
opened. "Come," she cried to Bella, and  
despite that young lady's remonstrance of  
"Such a place!" drew her into the entry.

"We're caught without an umbrella," she  
said, softly, to a young woman who had  
opened the door for the purpose of dragging  
the children in; "and if you'll let us stand  
in your hall until the shower is over, we'll be  
so much obliged."

"The hall ain't no more mine than it is  
the lady's upstairs," replied the woman.

"You're free to it, but sittin' is as cheap  
as stavin'; come in and take chairs."

"You're very kind," said Sara, and en-  
tered, Bella following with her nose in the  
air, and gazing contemptuously at the  
musty horse-hair furniture, patched carpet,  
and ash-begrimed hearth. The woman fol-  
lowed her eyes and laughed.

"Of all forlorn places, sez you, and I don't  
blame you," she remarked, "it is."

"Why, don't be polite," said the woman.

"This ain't my house. It's my brother-in-  
law's. I came down Monday's a week to

take care of those brats of his. He's my  
brother's brother, but no more like him.  
John is a mason with good wages, and my  
rooms is like picturs'. But John sez 'Now  
if you bring the children home he'll leave  
them on you.' So here I be. His mother-in-  
law left him when she heard he was to marry  
again—a nice slut she must have been."

"Perhaps she was very old?" said Sara.

"She's old enough to know better," said  
the young woman. "But she kept the house  
with her own money. You see, her daughter  
didn't die—she ran off. I don't blame her.  
I'd run too, only it wouldn't be with no  
butcher like she done."

"The wicked woman! to leave such pretty  
children!" said Sara.

"Handsome is as handsome does," said  
the young woman. "Her father is a beau-  
tiful—why, he's a pictur'! He's like them  
there swells in the club house windows; and,  
my how he brags! He married Miranda  
Jones because her ma could keep 'em both.  
Why, he is the laziest—and such a devil!  
Excuse me for using the word, but there a't  
no other that describes him. Look here!"

She went to a table in the corner of the  
room, pulled out a drawer, rummaged  
amongst a litter of papers within, and brought  
to light a photograph—"That's him!" said  
she, handing it to Sara, who looked at it  
with a very curious expression. "You can  
pass it to your friend, if you like," said the  
woman, but Sara did not avail herself of the  
privilege. She sat holding the photograph  
face downward, while the woman went on:

"His looks have got him engaged to an  
heiress. He says she ain't bad looking,  
either. He can't quite find out what she is  
worth; but she dresses in style. She picked  
him up, too. Oh, them rich folks ain't al-  
ways particular, I can tell you. If my little  
girl grows up to do like that, I'll take my  
slipper to her. But she'll rue it. If I could  
find out where she lived, I'd warn her folks,  
for his wife is as likely as not to come back  
some day; and, any way, he means to live  
on her."

"He's a scoundrel!" said Sara, hotly.

"But he does something," she said. "He has some busi-  
ness? You say he dresses well. People can't  
do that on nothing."

"The sister-in-law burst into a laugh,  
"Oh, that is the funniest part of it," said  
she. "I said



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**WHEAT**

**The Ohio Experiment**  
 results of a Series of

The Ohio Experimenters bulletin giving the results of experiments carried on for years for the purpose of information regarding the yield of wheat, the difference in early and late seedling, seed, and the comparative varieties. The experiment seedling resulted as follows:

Two pecks of seed average	
Three	11.11
Four	11.11
Five	11.11
Six	11.11
Seven	11.11
Eight	11.11
Nine	11.11

The largest yield in 48.4 bu., was obtained in pecks, in 1888, and the bu., from two pecks in by these experiments the farm it was not profitable five or more than seven

**EARLY AND LATE**

The experiments in show that the highest seven years, with one bushel drilled during the ber and the first week of 48 bushels were secured drilled Nov. 1, and seven years, about 7½ drilled Nov. 1, 1887. St be continued several years the proper average. Pro settled this point very

**METHODS OF**

In regard to methods two inches deep produced 25 bu., but broadcast seed with 24½ bu. Drilling es was injurious rather Mulching produced 27½ concludes that 1½ to 2 depth to plant, and the lowing in the track of soil.

**COMPARATIVE TESTS**

The summary of exper- etes is given as follows:

The Valley, Nigger, and Diehl Mediterranean leading red bearded wh red wheats, the Red Fou of white wheats, Silves Royal Australian (Clas and Democrit. 27 above list include the ne cannot miss it very mu one of the varieties named While the strength of etes named is reasonable Silver Chaff, Landreth an may be designated as the others.

The difference of r bushel in the average white wheat, extending years, and of 313 trials the same years, should be that the one is ab- liable as the other.

The average yield of wheat and 384 trials of tending over a period but six-tenths of a bu- average total yield, wh one is equal to the other Penquite's Velvet Chaff variety on black soils.

**A SAN FRANCISCO**  
 of the steamer Zeala- port, having on board Payment for American